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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

FROM THE COUCH OF A VALETUDINARIAN.
No. IV.

MODERN WRITERS.

It is to be regretted that there should be a fashion in literature, as in dress; it has been the rage for the last few years amongst fashionables, to make the works of Byron and Moore the exclusive subjects of literary recreation. Pope, and Dryden, and Milton, not to mention many of inferior note, are as seldom seen on our reading tables, as the Toupee, Bag Wig, or Cushion in our streets. This can hardly proceed from a vitiated taste altogether, although it may be in part; fashion, however, throws the tinselled productions of these modern innovators in our way, and accident probably, and want of mental energy, keep the standard works of the English language mouldering in our libraries. If our literary loungers wish to consult either amusement or edification, they are impolitic in this kind of neglect; they will in vain seek for the sublimity of Milton, the rich genius of Dryden, or the delightful harmony of Pope, in any modern writer. And yet, how few of our youth ever turn to a page of 'Paradise Lost;' how few enjoy the rich treat to be found in the philosophic essays and satires of Pope; and still fewer give themselves an opportunity of tasting the delicious repast that is spread over the pages of Dryden's plays and satires; the "Absalom and Achitophel" of this gigantic genius, is unequalled in any language, whether we regard discrimination of character, point in application, or severity of philippic. There is no person who more highly appreciates the peculiar kind of merit which distinguishes a portion of "Beppo" and "Don Juan" than I. But in imagery, sarcasm, and playfulness of fancy, they are both far behind "The Rape of the Lock." No young lady ought to confess her ignorance of this charming poem; it argues a bad taste, as well as ignorance.

MILTON.

If we deny this title to the Henriad of Voltaire, to the Columbiad of Barlow, to Madoc, and a few others, Milton is to be viewed as the last Poet who has produced an epic poem. While travelling through Italy, he saw a play performed at Florence, called *Adam*, written by an Italian

named Andreino, and dedicated to Mary de Medicis, queen of France. The subject of this Drama was the Fall of Man. The *Dramatis Personæ* were, the Supreme Being, the Devils, the Angels, Adam and Eve, the Serpent, Death, and the seven mortal sins. This subject, so unfit for a Dramatic exhibition, but well adapted to the absurd character of the Italian Theatre of that period, was handled in a manner that comported well with the extravagance of the plot; the first scene opened with a chorus of Angels, and one of whom commences as follows:—"Let the Rainbow be the Bow of the Firmament; Let the seven Planets be the Gamut; Let Time beat the measure, &c. &c."

Thus this piece commences, and each succeeding scene produces an increased profusion of extravagance. In the midst of this mass of absurdity, the discriminating genius of Milton discovered a degree of majesty and sublimity, which, although improper for scenic representation, might nevertheless be the ground work of an Epic Poem, worthy of his mind, and of his alone. From this singular work, he caught the idea of the noblest production that the imagination of man has ever conceived, and twenty years after he had formed his design, he carried it successfully into execution. Thus Pythagoras owed the invention of Music to the noise of hammers in a forge; and thus Newton conceived his first notions of the laws of gravitation from seeing an apple fall from a tree.

"PARADISE LOST" is the only Poem in which we find that uniformity which satisfies our judgment, and that variety which delights the imagination. The Episodes of this work are like the Radii of a circle, which all point to the centre. Is there a people to whom the interview between Adam and the Angel is not charming? How is it possible to help being gratified at the bold colouring with which the cunning, the courage, and the insensibility of Satan are described? Above all, who can help admiring that sublimity and wisdom with which Milton clothes the Supreme Being, and that majesty with which he represents him as speaking?—He has drawn a picture of the Divinity as faithful and as perfect as the weakness of human nature will permit. The Heathen, and too many of our modern sects, de-

scribe the CREATOR as a Tyrant. The Supreme BEING, as pictured by Milton, is a Creator, and a Judge; but his justice never interferes with his mercy; his power never diminishes the liberty of man.—These are paintings so vivid, that the soul of the reader is completely monopolized by them. Milton in this respect, and in several others, is as far above the Poets of antiquity, as our Religion is preferable to the fictions of Paganism.

DRYDEN.

This Poet's excellent epigram on Milton, has ever been admired; it is not perhaps generally known, that he was indebted both for the thought and sentiment, to a latin epigram on Garnier, the French tragic Poet. I here transcribe both.

In Roberti Garnerii, opuscula tragedica.
Tres tragicos habuisset, vetus se Græcia jactat;
Unum pro tribus his, Gallia nuper habuit;
Eschylus, antiqua qui majestate superbus,
Grande cothurnato carmen ab ore sonat.
Quem Sophocles sequitur, perfectior arte priorem,
Nec nimis antiquus, nec nimis ille novus.
Tertius Euripides
In cujus labris attica sedet apes.
At nunc vincit eos, qui tres Garnerius unus
Terna feret tragicis præmia digna tribus.
Joh. Auratus.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England, did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she joined the former two.
Dryden.

CHRISTINA, OF SWEDEN.

Queen Christina did not shrink from the study of the obscenities of the Greek and Roman literature. Whitelocke, who was ambassador from England to her Court, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, relates that of all the Authors, ancient or modern, she most admired, or professed to admire, Petronius Arbiter!!

THE POET ROUCHER.

This writer, author of the beautiful work, "*Les Mois*," was one of the victims of Robespierre's black dictatorship. Of the many prisoners in St. Lazare, none excited a greater interest. During his imprisonment, he was occupied in the instruction of his son, Emilius, and thus he banished the worst plague of confinement, its irksomeness. As soon as he saw the act of accusation, he was convinced of the certainty of the fate which awaited him and he sent his son home, with a portrait

which *Supet* had been taking in prison, with these words written on a paper attached to it, addressed to his wife and family—

"Ne vous ettonnez pas, objets charmans, et doux !
"Si quelq' air de tristesse, obscurcit mon visage ;
"Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinait cet ouvrage,
"On dressait l'échafaud, et je pensais à vous."

"Wonder not, O, ye dear and delightful objects, if an air of sadness pervades my countenance; while the artist's pencil was tracing my features, my scaffold was preparing, and I was thinking of you."

A Description of that part of the State of Illinois, called the AMERICAN BOTTOM, extracted from a Journal written in the year 1807.

* * * * * After penetrating through a tangled border of wood, whose pendent boughs and deep tenacious soil arrest the progress of the traveller, you abruptly find yourself on the steep and sounding bank of the Mississippi. Here, the picture swells into majesty, and here, the brush is dipped into the boldest colours the circle of nature furnishes. If the winds are upon the bosom of the stream, the river like a mountain torrent foams, and rushes along its banks, hurrying its rapid flight to the ocean; but if stillness reigns upon its waters, its hanging shores of wood are beautifully reflected by the stream, and dance in regular undulations on its surface. The traveller that pauses upon the eastern bank of this river, immediately directs his eye to the opposite shore; he there contemplates a bold and rocky eminence, where the primeval materials of nature's strength seem piled in rude and disordered magnificence. The ascent is steep and difficult, and has the aspect at a distance of threatening to exclude you from the town of St. Louis, which it beautifully elevates to a considerable height above the water, at the same time proving an impenetrable rampart to ward off the encroachments of the river. You would almost believe the houses were united, and that the roofs upheld and supported each other, so gradual is the ascent on which this town is situate, and so beautifully has nature bent her brow for the reception of this village. From the opposite shore it has a majestic appearance, which it borrows from its elevated site, and from a range of Spanish towers that crown the summit of the hill, and lend their gothic rudeness to complete a picture which scarcely has a parallel. The principal houses of St. Louis are surrounded by massy walls of stone, that served as a defence in times of danger; the port holes with which they are pierced testifying that they were constructed as fortifications to repel the bold and sanguinary savage.

Within these rough enclosures are planted trees of various descriptions, which, like infancy smiling in the arms of age, serve to decorate the otherwise sombre aspect of the town. The whole appearance of St. Louis, when the sun is sinking in his western tent, when his declining rays lengthens the shadows of the houses and trees across the Mississippi, when the town is, as it were, looking into the water, and the summits of the Spanish towers are gilded by his setting beam, its whole appearance at such a moment possesses a magical charm that operates in a mysterious manner upon the senses;—then it is we exclaim, when gazing upon its strength, its foundations of rock, its massy edifices, and lastly, upon the waves of the Mississippi, thou shalt remain amidst the flux of many rolling years,—years, that sweep the toiling race of men and all their laboured monuments away,—firm, unremitting, matchless in thy course.

After thus contemplating the town of St. Louis, from the opposite shore, you direct your course along the tract of level country, known by the appellation of the American Bottom. This soon conducts you to the small village of Cahokias, distant six miles from St. Louis. This contemptible French town presents an epitome of every misery that distinguishes society upon its most extensive scale. Here refinement languishes and dies, and the wings of imagination drooping in a Bæotian atmosphere, feel as though they were clipt by the demons of desolation and despair. Let us hasten from this moral grave of sentiment and feeling, and direct our flying footsteps along the valley which spreads its verdant bosom as if to welcome our escape. A sea of gold surrounds us, undulating as far as vision can extend, with a regular and successive motion. Innumerable flowers of the brightest yellow, intermingled with others of a "thousand dyes," lift their fragrant cups towards the heavens, and offer the incense of their perfume to the Lord of universal nature. To diversify this beautiful meadow, a number of *tumuli* are to be seen forming a chain across the prairie, interrupting by their soft swells the monotony of the plain. Their shapes are various; circular, oblong, and quadrangular. In these mounds are said to repose the remains of an Indian battle field; here they threw their dead promiscuously together, and covered them with a rude barbaric monument. Oft have I ascended the loftiest of these eminences, and in the lightest moment of existence felt the ebullition of my youthful spirits checked by a reverential awe, which the profound stillness of the scene, accompanied by a sentiment

of what might once have been achieved upon this very spot, assisted to promote. How many hearts that once swelled high with passion and with glory, have forever united with the dust beneath my feet!—How much cruelty and ambition; how much jealousy and dissimulation; how much hatred and revenge;—were here subdued by the hand of death, and forced to repose in the concord of perpetual fellowship and everlasting silence! How many hearts that have melted with the passion of love, that have throbbled with emotions of gratitude, or responded to the gentle accents of friendship, here sleep together, and have forever intermingled their elements with the dust beneath my feet! Thus, seated upon the rustic tomb of the departed Indian, I have meditated upon his fate, upon his possible translation to the green and ever verdant fields of heaven, till my soul has been penetrated with a sentiment of sadness. I have felt that he was a man and a brother, and the tears that fell upon his grave consecrated his claim to my sympathy and compassion.

From this point your attention is directed to the hills that here, forming an abrupt angle, commence the long circuit of the prairie, running parallel with it, until the stream of the Mississippi terminates both. Naturalists and travellers who have carefully examined this tract of the country, are disposed to conclude that it was formerly the bed of a great lake, the adjacent hills forming its shore or boundary. The shells and petrifications found here would seem to justify such an hypothesis; but what has become of so large a body of water? and by what revolution of nature was its discharge effected? are enigmas which no one has attempted to solve.

Let us now descend a few miles lower down the valley, and we shall suddenly be arrested in our progress by one of the most venerable ruins human eye hath ever rested upon.—Lifting its deserted head amid a scene of desolation, the remains of Fort Chartres are still to be found on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, resisting, with the impotence of age, the assaults of that dark and impetuous flood. The western tower, and the principal part of the fortress on that side, have already yielded to the reiterated assaults of its inexorable foe, and the probability is, that after a few revolving years, the traveller who directs his footsteps to Fort Chartres, to ponder over that venerable memorial of past ages, will find it a yawning gulf, over which the rapid stream of the Mississippi is hurrying its turbid and agitated flight. The shape of the fort must have been quadrangular. A lofty wall from

15 to 20 feet in height, and from 6 to 8 in thickness, encompassed it on every side; that toward the east still remains entire, though stript of its decorative facing of hewn stone, which appears to have attracted the cupidity of man. This wall is nearly concealed beneath the luxuriant foliage of the ivy; and the spectator is almost tempted to imagine that a sentiment of compassion had induced this delicate vine to weave its light and fantastic drapery over the grey head of its venerable supporter. On entering this place, you are struck with the profound solitude that reigns around. Perhaps it is here you feel it more sensibly, as the sight of the walls and fortifications naturally recalls the image of man, accompanied by the tumult and clamour of war. Great God! how penetrating is the solemn whisper of the wind as it steals among the branches of the vines, which intersecting their sinewy arms, seek to guard this sacred solitude from intrusion. The entrance to this mournful scene is nearly impracticable, by reason of the quantity of ivy and other vines, and as you stoop to avoid being entangled in the net which they have woven, such a sentiment of profound solitude seizes upon the soul, as would almost deter you from violating this sacred abode of silence. The grass beneath your feet is tall and rank. Perhaps no human foot has bent its tender blade, since called by the voice of spring, it burst the frozen fetters of the year. Let us now enter and survey this lonely dwelling of the owl: this solitary refuge of the wounded deer. The remains of four large buildings first present themselves, forming an area which must once have subserved the purpose of a parade ground; majestic trees have here sprung up to fill the place of the absent soldier; and the waving of their branches, and the sighing of the gale, and the murmur of the wave, are the only sounds that time has substituted for the spirit-stirring drum and enlivening fife. If the walls are examined, inscriptions will be found, bearing record of generous names and gallant achievements; perhaps they are the only monuments that preserve the memory of heroes, and invited to the deposit by the imperishable character of their materials, promising life and perpetuity to fame. Alas, frail man! vain are all thy pantings after earthly immortality; the very structure of the material world is opposed to the accomplishment of thy wishes; and whilst thou art industrious to carve thy name and actions upon the solid rock, death derides thy feeble vanity, and prepares the arrow upon the string which soon shall drink the stream of thy existence; soon shall the wall thou hast laboriously inscribed totter to its base, and the

wave beneath its oblivious tide bury thy monument and all its proud inscriptions. One building only has escaped the hand of time. The arsenal was either constructed upon stronger principles, or it was originally destitute of the ornament of hewn stone, which every where has invited the rude hand of the depredator. This building is arched and gloomy, and sometimes has afforded a place of refuge to the wounded deer, whose low and plaintive moanings have been heard interrupting the profound stillness of the ruins; exciting in a high degree the terrors of the superstitious. Cannon, spiked and broken, are lying confusedly around; others nearly buried in the earth, present their dark mouths, as in supplication for deliverance from captivity. Here the moralist might pause, and from the pulpit of a half-buried cannon, address a solemn lesson to man. How often have these instruments of human crime and violence poured around the thunder of their voices? How often has desolation and death accompanied the lightnings of their flight. How many hearts have agonized, writhed, and died beneath the execution committed by these very instruments of destruction, now silent, dismantled, and degraded to the dust; their lightnings for ever quenched, and their thunders for ever still! Thus at the grave of human despotism, over the ashes of a Nero, or a Domitian, might we exclaim, are these scourges of mankind, these "sons of the morning" cut down to the ground: they that made the earth to tremble, are they confined to this narrow tenement; the thunders of their voice, and the lightnings of their eye for ever extinct and silent in their house of clay! Does their mandate no longer rush through their trembling empires, carrying death and dismay upon their wings to thousands of devoted victims? These spiked and buried cannon are no bad emblems of departed tyranny; whilst on the stage of action both were the accursed instruments of human anguish; deprived of their power to injure, both speak horribly and grimly from their solitary graves.

We will now abandon the ruins of Fort Chartres to the presiding genius of desolation, and direct our footsteps towards the rich and variegated meadow that expands its verdant carpet on every side. You are here led to remark the different aspect which the hills present, to that impressed upon them higher up the prairie. Here they are perpendicular masses of rock, towering in the air like battlements, their wood-crowned summits frowning on the sky, and reflecting their shadows darkly on the plain below. This beautiful prairie is justly considered the most luxu-

riant soil upon earth. Here, CERES has emptied her horn of abundance, and here the solitary goddess complains to the silent meads, that her gifts are rejected; that man avoids her favourite haunt, and refuses his aid to promote her efforts. This extensive tract of country is proverbial for its fertility, and the readiness with which the soil repays the accidental industry of the husbandman. It lies between the river Mississippi and Kaskaskia, in some places scarcely boasting of an extent of more than three miles in width, in others, taking a sweep of ten or twelve, the hills retiring to give place to a beautiful meadow, whose level surface knows not the break of a single inequality.

To relieve a monotony which would otherwise fatigue the eye, nature has interspersed this plain with groves of trees, that spread their refreshing verdure, and invite the traveller to rest beneath their foliage. These groves mitigate the summer heats to numerous flocks of cattle that pant and ruminate beneath their branches. Drove of horses, wild as the winds of heaven, are resting indolently in the shade; at the approach of man, they start from their repose, and with shrill neighings, direct their rapid flight across the plain.

Pursuing the direction of the plain, the small village of Prairie de Roche soon presents itself to view. It is thus named from the character of the neighbouring hills, which are here impracticable walls of solid stone, literally, hills of rock. Leaving this town behind us, we proceed through romantic scenery still lower down the valley, which gradually contracts itself into the form of a peninsula, and runs out into a point of land, until it is lost in the junction of the Mississippi with the Kaskaskia.

The Kaskaskia river (on the western bank of which is built the town that bears its name) is a calm and placid little stream, which, after meandering silently and tranquilly, without tumult, puts itself into the Mississippi. The latter receives it like a proud and haughty potentate, that scorns to bend his imperial brow to the homage of a tributary vassal. This majestic flood has ever been an object of curiosity and astonishment to the traveller. Its waves are turbid and irresistibly impetuous; they rush indignantly along the channel, bearing in their career every impediment which the humble shores obtrude. The trembling streams that slowly seek their sovereign, to pour into his capacious bosom the little offering of their tribute drops, are chased affrighted from the union; nor do they venture on the association, till the imperious monarch grasps them in his dark and humid arms.

The village of Kaskaskia is an ancient French town, that appears in such a rapid state of decay as promises its speedy dissolution, unless some event beyond the power of man to calculate, should snatch it from impending ruin. The situation of this town is extremely beautiful; it is built on the margin of the river, and surrounded on the west, north, and south, by a rich and verdant plain. The east is occupied by a fine range of hills that lift their summits in the air, while at their base the stream of the Kaskaskia glides on, reflecting on its polished surface the deep green woods that tower above. The height is occupied by the remains of an ancient fort, originally intended for the protection of the town. Every thing here affords food to solemn reflection. The silent graveyard, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," the antiquated church, rearing its modest front, and pointing to its drear domain, the crumbling edifices, and dilapidated walls, appeal in the energetic language of truth to the awakened sensibilities of the soul. They tell us, while traversing their ruins, "My greatness has departed from me; the sun of my glory has set for ever; these heaps of stone over which you meditate in silent wonder, were once the seat of science, where learning unfolded her classic page, and youth with open ear caught instruction from the lips of age. The deputies of Royalty have here presided, and the splendour of wealth and power, and the voice of revelry and joy have resounded through these prostrate walls and tottering edifices. Behold a picture of thine own destiny; thy son like mine shall set for thee; thy daughters of mine shall be brought low;—and thy lonely resting place, like mine, be indicated alone by a melancholy heap of stones." * * * * *

E.

THE GLEANER—NO. 1.

The recognition of the Independence of Hayti by the French nation, has given rise to various and opposite speculations among our politicians. The consequences following this event, will most probably prove of a high and enduring character. There seems to be both justice and liberality in the manner in which the Haytiens have obtained from France this recognition of their political independence. They have purchased it by the payment of 150 millions of francs, and a grant of some valuable commercial privileges. Previous to the revolution in that Island, the Haytiens were slaves, and by it the French residents, who owned almost the entire landed as well as moveable property, were reduced to poverty and want. The

sum of 150 millions of francs will afford a partial remuneration to those ill fated sufferers who escaped that bloody catastrophe. What influence Hayti is yet to exert upon the other Islands of the West Indies, and upon the black population of our Southern States, are questions much more easily propounded than satisfactorily answered. Will the other European powers, as well as our own government, follow the example set by France? Would an Ambassador from President Boyer be received at Washington? and in what manner? Is it probable that our valuable commerce with that island will sustain any injury from the recent commercial arrangements made with France?

Spain, poor degenerate Spain, teems with intestine commotions, plots and counter plots. All political discussion is absolutely prohibited at the Hotels and Coffee houses. How deplorable is the state of a nation where the government can alone be upheld by the ignorance of its subjects. Cuba will not remain much longer attached to that ill fated kingdom. The Bishop of Havana has been compelled to fly from the Island to New-Orleans, to escape the rage of Ferdinand.

The Marquis of Hastings is about to supersede the Marquis of Wellesley, in the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. How far this change may prove acceptable to the people of the Emerald Isle, is questionable. These gentlemen are both eminently distinguished for their talents and extensive acquirements. They both have ruled in India, though not with the same degree of renown. The Marquis of Wellesley having left more lasting evidences of his wisdom, energy, and morality, than have marked the rule of the Marquis of Hastings.

The Governor of Georgia, the chevalier Troup, seems quite pacifically inclined, ever since it was officially made known to him, that the Executive would not suffer his Excellency to survey the Indian lands. We applaud his discretion. The matter in controversy will no doubt receive the early consideration of the proper tribunal; and from present lights upon the subject, the McIntosh treaty must be declared null and void. Should this be the decision, and Gov. Troup fail in being re-elected to the gubernatorial chair, peace & order will be restored in Georgia.

The excavation on both lines of our Canals is advancing with extraordinary rapidity. Some sections have been already completed, and the ground made ready for the spade upon all the sections that have been placed under contract. The few opponents to the Canal policy,

it is believed will utterly fail in electing even a respectable minority to the ensuing legislature. The faith of the State therefore, will remain uncompromitted. Confidence among foreign Capitalists unimpaired. There will be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds hereafter, and almost as little in completing these grand monuments of the wisdom and enterprize of Ohio. A sufficient amount of the stock in the Louisville Canal, has not yet been taken to justify the commencement of that important work. The reason is most obvious; and it forcibly illustrates the comparative advantage of relief and anti-relief measures. Ohio readily commands millions of dollars, where her elder sister Kentucky, fails in obtaining her hundreds of thousands.

SELECTIONS.

NEWSPAPERS.

NEWSPAPERS are growing barren since the world has become tame. Where there is little of change, there must be as little of novelty; and sameness and repetition excite no interest. Peace achieves her labours in silence—prosperity pursues her noiseless march; happiness heeds not time while revelling in flowers—and the tranquil pursuits of virtue seek no clamorous promulgation.

Curiosity has a pampered appetite, not content with natural food; and only to be gratified by strange and marvellous productions. It feeds not on the order, but the derangement of society—not on the even temperament of the seasons, but on their confusion and warfare—not on the happy progress of the arts of peace, but the fierce collision of arms, and the cruel effusion of blood.

Man banquets on descriptions of battle. Show him a field covered with a rich and beautiful harvest, and gladdened by peaceful and exulting labourers, and he shall regard it with indifference, although it teems with the evidence of the favour of heaven. Show him, on the other hand, the same field, its harvest trodden down, its verdure stained with human blood, and its soil covered with human bones, and he shall gaze with exhaustless avidity on these dreadful results of the follies of mankind. Our sympathies for each other remain comparatively dormant, unless excited by some unusual misfortune. We care not to hear of our friends when assured of their prosperity, while we are excessively eager to know the accidents that befall them. A fire, a pestilence, a war—such is the organization of our nature—produce each of them respectively a correspondent excitement in the readers of journals, and consequently in the jour-

nalists of time. When these fail, it is almost hopeless to obtain interest in the public mind by a narrative of events, which because of their sameness, are rendered insipid.

How happy that period of the world, when so few of the pungent incentives to curiosity remain in existence; and the press has only to renew and proclaim the return of the sentinel, "*all's well*." How desirable that æra, when man shall lose his taste for the marvellous in wretchedness and in crime, and shall give his sole anxiety to the progress of piety and happiness, of peace and virtue.

Charleston Courier.

A gentleman now in Philadelphia, proposes to commence the culture of the white mulberry, for the purpose of establishing a manufactory of Silk on a large scale.—He also proposes the cultivation of palma christi for the manufacture of castor oil, the sunflower for sweet oil, the poppy for opium, pink root, rhubarb, cicuta, fuller's teasel, madder, and the best kind of tobacco for segars, such as the Maryland broad yellow and the Havanna, seed for which will be obtained of the first quality. It is confidently believed that these articles may be cultivated with infinitely more profit and advantage than the produce which is at present the object of farmers generally in this country.

The great national importance and advantage of the silk manufacture to the U. States, must be obvious to every reflecting mind, upon the considerations, 1st, that above \$7,000,000 per annum (the recent amount of imports of silk into the United States) might be saved to this country thereby. 2dly, that a much less amount of land and labor are necessary for the growth and manufacture of silk, than are required for that of any other species of clothing: and, 3rdly, the increased demand for domestic produce at home, which would necessarily follow from the increase of manufactures, and also the loss and contingencies attendant on procuring the above amount from foreign markets.

Several ingenious and patriotic individuals in the United States have, at different periods, sedulously labored to advance this important branch of domestic manufacture, but for want of persons acquainted with the manufacture of silk, their several and highly meritorious attempts have failed, leaving us in possession of every thing necessary for its consummation—but the fabricator; to effect which, no plan appears so likely to succeed as the following:

It is proposed to locate a tract of land, in a salubrious and advantageous situation, in one of the western states, viz. the vicin-

ity of Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Kent. Harmony, Ind. or St. Louis, Miss. on which to establish a company for the purpose of the culture and manufacture of castor oil, sweet oil, superior tobacco, silk, opium, rhubarb, madder, &c. and whatever else may be deemed worthy of their attention. For this purpose it is deemed most advisable to form a company with stock in shares of 100 dollars each. Further information will be given, by applying at the office of the Saturday Evening Post.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor and sing like a syren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing-tables, stands, flower-pots, screens and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done, but there are others, which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but 'one thing is needful.' Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance. But though a well bred young lady may learn most of the fashionable arts: yet, let me ask, how does it seem to be the true end of education to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or set up their trade with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, and mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits ready to be appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. Though the arts which merely embellish life must claim admiration, yet when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play and sing and draw and dress, and dance; it is a being who can

comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a mother, and a mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing-room, and attract the admiration of the company, but is entirely unfit for a helpmate to man, and "to train up a child in the way he should go."

In Tomlin's life of Pitt, we find some admirable examples of paternal affection, in the letters of Lord Chatham to his son. The following is peculiarly beautiful:

"Burton Pynsent, October 9, 1773.—Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller: we trust this day will prove more satisfactory; it is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favor with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William. By that hour, I reckon, we shall be warm in our cups, and shall not fail to pour forth, with renewed joy, grateful libations over the much wished tidings of your prosperous progress towards your destination. We compute, that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of alma mater; and that you are invested to-day with the toga virilis. Your race of *manly* virtue, and *useful* knowledge is now begun, and may the favor of heaven smile upon the noble career!

"Little — was really disappointed at not being in time to see you—a good mark for my young vivid friend. He is just as much compounded of the elements of air and fire as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come, and make him perfect. How happy, my lovely boy, is it, that your mamma and I can tell ourselves, there is at Cambridge one, without a beard, 'and all the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say, 'This is a man.' I now take leave, for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a *regular* letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birth-day."

To this interesting letter, Lady Chatham added the following postscript:—

"If more could be said expressive of feelings, my dearest boy, I would add a letter to this epistle, but as it is composed I will only sign to its expressive contents,

"Your fond and loving Mother,

"HESTER CHATHAM."

Lithography—The art of Lithography or drawing on stone has been brought to such perfection, that names and signatures have been counterfeited with so great success as to for a long time elude detection. It would be much to be regretted that such a deplorable use can be made of this discovery, although the facility and secrecy with which the art can be exercised, seem to warrant the apprehension that it will be devoted to such nefarious practices. Anonymous letters may be thus circulated without a chance of detection from the hand-writing. But if there are some evils attending the discovery, there are many advantages.

As but few persons here have witnessed the execution of lithographies, we will endeavor to give a short account of it. The stone upon which the drawing is to be made is procured of the printer who keeps them ready prepared; it presents a smooth surface upon which the artist with a crayon, executes a likeness or any other piece he may fancy; this is handed to the painter who passes a wet cloth over the whole, and the water recedes entirely from the drawing, which is then struck with a common printer's ball, and the ink adheres to the drawing alone, and the stone is next passed under a press similar to a copper plate press, and the impression is then complete. The original drawing is thus preserved in each picture, unlike copper plate engravings, which are at best copies more or less perfect, according to the skill of the engraver. A number of beautiful specimens of lithography are to be seen at Doyle's book-store, corner of Park Place and Broadway. There is now a lithographic press in operation in this city.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Historical Dictionary.—We have received from our correspondent in London, 120 portraits of emperors, kings, princes, legislators, reformers, &c.; being specimens of the plates of a splendid work in 2 vols. &c. nearly ready for publication in the British metropolis, entitled "A Universal Historical Dictionary, or explanation of the names of persons and places in the departments of Biblical, Political, and Ecclesiastical History, Mythology, Heraldry, Biography, Bibliography, and Numismatics, by George Crabb, A. M." The illustrations of this work, we are assured, will extend to upwards of 2000 portraits, besides a great number of diagrams; and judging by the specimens, it is evident that the enterprising publishers, Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy, have been at great trouble and expense in procuring for the plates the best copies of portraits of illustrious persons, and in having them engraved in a style corresponding with the magnitude of the undertaking. The celebrity which the author has acquired for his "Technological Dictionary," afford good reason for believing that he will give satisfaction in the present work, which, we understand, is making great progress, and may shortly be expected in this city. A part of it has already been received by G. & C. Carvil, booksellers, Broadway, with whom we have left the specimen portraits. 16.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all, for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam—
Thou art where music melts upon the air—
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The crest, and sword, and spear, the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

CINCINNATI:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1825.

Some of the articles in the present number were sent to the printer and put in type a month ago; and on this account a portion of them may appear somewhat after their proper time.

The description of the "American Bottom" is, we believe, from the pen of a lady. Our best correspondents have been of the gentler sex; and we are happy in acknowledging our obligations to them for their assistance; and do but justice to their merits in saying, that their articles have been more numerous and better written, than we have received from any other quarter. ¶

In consequence of the late suspension in the publication of the Cincinnati Literary Gazette, we feel constrained to notice the causes which have produced it, lest some of our readers may impute to indolence on our part, what is in reality the result of neglect on theirs. It will

be recollected that our paper was ushered into the public presence in the beginning of 1824, without any previous annunciations. The publishers made no personal solicitations for patronage, nor did they procure any to be made.—They resolved to be unpledged as to the conduct and character of their paper, and that whatever subscriptions it might obtain, should be voluntary. They considered themselves, however, under an implied obligation to do what they could for the instruction and amusement of those who were accustomed to resort for either to the pages of the Literary Gazette; and they hoped that their gratuitous exertions to publish the only literary paper in the West, would meet with sufficient support to give at least indemnity for their expenditures. In part these expectations have been realized; abroad the paper has been well received, and a liberal patronage extended; but in this city, whose name forms a part of our title, we have received, to us a melancholy proof, that we are not prophets at home,—or that our fellow-citizens, from long habit, must be solicited for patronage. The publishers have been indeed reproached for not making this resort; and they confess they have not shewn much worldly discretion in neglecting the only means of supporting any kind of periodical publications in Ohio.

In preparing our weekly sheet, we have spent much time and labour; and in this we have not been influenced by any hope of pecuniary reward, but by objects which the general tendency of the matter furnished, has sufficiently expressed. Our progress has been impeded by pecuniary embarrassment, and an unwillingness to make further calls on our printer, without giving him something more than hopes of valuable consideration, has caused a suspension. If these difficulties are obviated by the attention of our friends, the Editors will most cheerfully continue their labours: They are anxious to finish the present volume at least, and the same feeling which prompted them to undertake this publication, will induce them to continue, if their efforts are properly seconded. Put money in our purse—enable us to meet our printer without the dread of a dun, and we engage not to be found wanting. ¶

We might, and should, have acknowledged at an earlier period, the receipt of a periodical publication of Fugitive Poetry, entitled "The Garland," published at Auburn, N. Y. under the care of G. A. Gamage, known himself as a Poet, under the signature of "Montgarnier." The work is neatly printed, and the selections such as we would expect to see furnished by a man of good taste and poetical feelings. We like the plan of the publication, and (bating the price—four dollars for twelve sheets) can recommend it to the lovers of that kind of productions, which it is intended to embrace.

We suggest to the Editor that he should exclude as much as possible the productions of foreign poets, and especially such as can be found in other collections. We think it would be better to publish works like the Garland by the number, and not periodically at a stated day. If the Editor is forced to furnish a specific quantity in a limited time, his taste must often yield to that necessity.

We have placed a few numbers of the Garland at the Reading-Room of Mr. Langdon, who will receive subscriptions.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Death has visited the domestic circles in which we have been accustomed to mingle, and taken from us more than one familiar and long valued friend. The little notices which we feel to be due on this occasion, have given to the present number, a sombre appearance, which may awaken in those least concerned, reflections which they can turn to no other than a good account. Give to the sorrows of the distressed your kind commiseration, for they need it.—We feel ourselves among the number of the bereaved; we strive not to restrain our inclinations; and we do not deem that we are unkindly adding poignancy to the grief of our friends, for *they will* feel, as *we have* felt, that after a time, there is a pleasing melancholy in contemplating the merits of those whom death has released from the cares and the troubles which we have daily to encounter.

We have now for the first time an opportunity of recording the decease of Mrs. MARY IRWIN, the widowed consort of WILLIAM IRWIN, an early and long respected inhabitant of this city. She died on the 17th of September.

Indiscriminate praise is too often lavished on departed friends by the unsparing hand of bereaved affection, while the impartial and uninterested observers are sometimes surprised at the enumeration of excellencies which had not been visible to them; and are apt to attribute to mistaken zeal, or blinded love, the high character which generally accompanies Obituary notices.

But few, however, will be disposed to cavil at the terms employed to express the worth of the excellent subject of this melancholy notice, since those who have any knowledge of her character, will scarce think any language too strong to convey an idea of her many virtues: while those who were strangers to her domestic circle, are too well acquainted with her general character, to challenge the propriety of praise which is the just reward of a well spent life.

The friends of the deceased will long remember the resignation and dignity with which she supported the many trials it was her lot to encounter: they will dwell with no less pleasure on the good sense and cheerfulness which always distinguished her. If resignation under afflic-

tion; if fortitude in supporting pain; if piety without bigotry, and good sense without pride, entitle us to the approbation of our fellow mortals, and to the inheritance of a blissful eternity, then may we be assured that our lamented and revered friend has arrived at that safe and tranquil haven, to which her life in this world was a perilous and stormy passage. N. Y.

DIED,—On Friday, the 30th of September, after a painful illness of ten days, (of the Dysentery, united to a malignant intermittent Fever,) Mrs. HARRIET DRAKE,—consort of Dr. Daniel Drake,—in the 38th year of her age.

The deceased was a native of New-Haven, Con. but had been a resident of Cincinnati for twenty years past;—nearly 18 of which were spent in the society of a most affectionate husband, who is now suddenly left, with three surviving children, to mourn an untimely and irreparable loss.

To be silent sufferers under the afflicting dispensation which has taken from among us this excellent woman, would be doing injustice, at once, to our own feelings, and to the memory of one who united to the charms of a rich and cultivated mind, the virtues of a humane, and generous heart:—Yet, how little can be said, that will avail, at the present moment, either to soften our own sorrow, or mitigate the sufferings of him to whom she had been so long and harmoniously united; and on whom her death has fallen like a sirocco—blighting his fairest hopes, and paralyzing his noblest energies!

Her character—*all of a strong and determinate kind*—by which our deceased friend was endeared to those who knew her, were,—an original simplicity and propriety of deportment, quick and accurate perceptions, sound judgment, strong common sense, and the most sacred regard to truth and rectitude. In addition to a fine taste, she was gifted with an original talent for painting, which was partially but successfully cultivated; and her vigorous mind, stored as it was with a great variety of knowledge, enabled her to become the enlivening and useful companion of her husband, in all his literary pursuits. With a high sense of independence in thought and action, and freedom from the extravagances of fashionable life,—she was a pattern of the social and domestic virtues. Constant and ardent in her affections, she was distinguished alike for the sincerity of her friendships, and for a warm and unwearied devotion to her family—whose happiness she was ever active in devising the best means of promoting.

To the moral world the example of such a woman is an inheritance of no doubtful value: and her memory will long be cherished, even by those who were not, like ourselves, enabled, from an acquaintance of many years, to appreciate the full extent of her claims upon their regard.

For the Literary Gazette.

"Death is appointed once unto all."

In recording the death of valued and interesting friends, it is difficult to suppress our sorrow for their loss, and veneration for their virtues, within the bounds of ordinary eulogium; and indeed there is something like intrusion on the sanctity of recent sorrow, even in the just praise and admiration of the many good qualities of the deceased. It is, however, hoped these observations will not be considered as such:—they are a tribute of respect due to the high character the deceased has always sustained, and from the pen of an individual who, though but imperfectly acquainted with him, holds his character in the highest estimation.

The death of Mr. NATHAN FORD, of this city, is a serious admonition to all his youthful friends and acquaintances (of the former of which he had many) and particularly so to those of them who are unprepared for the dreadful change he has been so suddenly called to experience. A few weeks since, this amiable and highly accomplished young gentleman was mixing in the gay circles of society, his heart beating high with the hope of a long, useful, and happy career; which his spotless character, and innumerable excellent qualities, so justly entitled him to anticipate. But mark the contrast! Unconscious that the number of his days was filled, and the vital spark about to be extinguished in the morning of life; the airy visions of hope and fancy are changed for the sad realities and gloomy confines of the grave. To the parental bosom this dispensation of Providence must be deeply afflicting; but to the spirit of the deceased it is a joyous release, from the strife and turmoil of a wretched and unhappy world; and such was the character of the deceased, as to justify the most sanguine hope that he "rests from his labours." In his habits he was remarkably regular, and strictly moral; a constant attendant on divine worship. In his manners, modest and unassuming; in his general deportment, gentlemanly and dignified. During the space of about eighteen months, which he resided among us, he acquired a large circle of the most respectable friends; indeed, to become even slightly acquainted with him was to become his friend; such was the whole tenor of his deportment, as to excite the most sincere admiration for his virtues, and lively interest for his future welfare. In his disposition he was open and frank, possessing a nobleness of sentiment and feeling not common to his age. In conversation, intelligent and animated, with a fine flow of spirits, tempered by a proper respect for the company with which he was associated. In a word, in every thing he was to be admired, in every thing he was equal. If it were possible, that possessing in an eminent degree all the endearing qualities, that render an individual an ornament to society and the pride of his friends, could have prevailed aught against the swift-winged messenger of death, we had been spared the painful task of the present record; but not so—every quality, and every qualification, must bow with humble submission to the awful mandate of the great I AM.

Died, in New-Orleans, on the 18th Sept. Mrs. DURALD, wife of Martin Durald, Esq. Register of Wills, and daughter of the Hon. H. Clay.

The death of this amiable lady, following so speedily that of her younger sister, is calculated to awaken our best sympathies for the affectionate parents who are thus doubly bereaved.

—lately, near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, after an illness of 10 or 12 days, PEYTON SHORT, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.

STRAGGLERS TO MY PARLOR-FIRE.

ATTRIBUTED TO J. URQUHART, ESQ.

'Tis wonderful, there's not a poet,
No, nor at Venice, nor the Lakes,
Who write as fast as they can go it,
No, nor my friends, i' the Land of Cakes,
That e'er has had the gratitude
To write one stanza on his fire;
Mind you, I mean not the mind,
For that they'll write on till they're blind!
No, no, the theme I now intrude,
The glowing heat that I admire
Is from sea-coal, not inspiration;
And, mark me, though my taste be rude,
Barring romance, it hits the nation.

Thou goodly substitute for sun,
That still-obedient to our call,
Will kindle ere the sun's begun
To warm this portion of the ball,
How shall I tell thee how I feel,
Or how my daily vows reveal?
I woo thee ere I've half done shaving,
I fly to thee when feuds abound,
I bless thee when the cook is raving,
And hug thee when the wine goes round—
Thou art to me my book, my page,
My Seneca on moral law,
Thy face is as the mimic stage,
Where characters I learn to draw;
And if a little coy thou seem,
At lighting first, one way or other,
Kindness will oft extract a gleam,
That harsher treatment would but smother,—
Oh! generous friend, thou art to me
What Hector was to Andromache,
Father and mother, brethren, life,
Nay, every thing, except my wife,
And could I find a kindly fair,
That would indulge me in my passion,
Would let me fleecy hosiery wear,
And fires have, when out of fashion;
One who not prone, through neat or mood,
Or from economy, to scold,
And when I ring for knobs of wood,
Cry "Bless me, sir, you can't be cold."
Oh! if such a woman ever were,
(And, mind you, I'm inclin'd to doubt it)
I'd take her without wealth or gear,
And as for beauty, do without it.
'Tis true, that living in hot water,
And being hauled off o'er the coals,
Make but an indifferent quarter
For him whom a sweet wife controls,—
But mine must be a gentle dame,
My fire must be enough to fry ye;
With such a wife, and such a flame,
I'm arm'd, and world, I then defy ye!

Ladies' Monthly Magazine.

THE FOOL.

I had a friend, a generous, constant,
warm-hearted friend, whom I loved as my
own life, and over whose ashes I have
dropped tears of bitter sorrow—but he
was a fool, an *egregious* fool; and most of
my readers will unite in calling him so.

He was a fool at *College*. He was
punctual at the recitation-room and the
chapel, diligent in his studies, and regular
in his habits. He gained by such means
the highest honours of the institution, and
his instructors' praises. But what were
these compared with the pleasures lost
by such a system! While the evening
saw others overflowing with heartfelt
gaiety, it found and sometimes left him

intent on some ponderous tome of antique
dullness. While the morning saw others
enjoying the quiet happiness of slumber,
its earliest rays broke his dreams, awaken-
ing him to the tedious realities of life.
While their collegiate term provided for
them a fund of anecdotes of humour and
of noble daring, to be repeated for years
and improved by age—his memory was
furnished only with the knowledge of
books and of truth.

He was a fool in his *business*. In every
respect qualified for eminence as a coun-
sellor, he refused to assist many clients
because he believed their claims unjust;
and offended many more by an unbroken
adherence to the strictness of truth in his
statements. Like *Schusterus*, he had re-
solved to be able on his death-bed to say:*

"Nihil se unquam suavisse consilio,
"Cujus jam jam moriturum pœniterit."

All this might have been well enough had
the world thought so too: but upon the
absurdity of thus refusing conformity to
the common notions and universal practi-
ces of mankind, I need not expatiate.

He was a fool in his *manners*. All the
remonstrances of friends could not make
him learn and practise the arts of polite-
ness. When in company, if he had noth-
ing to say he was silent—never attempted
a compliment in his life—nay, repeatedly
differed in opinion from ladies. And in
some respects he often manifested gross
ignorance. A hundred pressing invita-
tions he was apt to regard as equivalent
to a sincere one—and a thousand profes-
sions as a slight proof of real friendship.
But these were not the most ridiculous of
his traits. Will the reader believe it? I
knew him decline, during one season, forty
seven invitations to balls and parties!!!—
Was he not a fool?

He was a fool also in his *love*. There
was one whose cheek bloomed with love-
liness—she was too gay. Another, the
heiress of thousands—she had no mental
charms. Another, a scholar and a wit—
she had no heart. He thus passed by
beauty, wealth, and accomplishments,
alike indifferent to each. True, he found
one who gave him all her affections, and
won and retained all of his; who studied
only his happiness while he lived, and
soon and willingly followed when death
removed him—but to love, and still worse,
to marry, one neither beautiful, wealthy,
nor blue, out upon such folly!

He was a fool in his *politics*. What
his peculiar opinions were, I know not:
through all our intimacy, the subject was
never discussed by us. But all the world
agreed in accusing him of fickleness or
apostacy. He had either, calling himself
a federalist, spoken slightly of Adams'

* That he had never given any counsel of
which, while dying, he repented.

army; or being a democrat, undervalued
Jefferson's gunboats. The charge was in
either case a serious one; for none but a
fool would ever give up a single article of
his party's creed—right or wrong.

Lastly he was a fool in his *religion*. He
often thought of it, and sometimes spoke
of it. I saw him once in the midst of a
gay assembly, where hundreds smiled in
happiness around him. "One short year,"
he whispered, "will see some vacancies
in this now cheerful circle—and the rest
will be as cheerful still." Such gloomy
thoughts he often cherished, and actually
pretended to be the happier for them.—
Even the day before his death, so far from
avoiding the theme, he seemed to dwell
upon his approaching change with a calm,
confiding, but not presumptuous joy.

But peace be with thee, my much loved
friend! if the world have many wiser, it
has none better, it can make none happier.

Boston Spectator.

The following beautiful fragment was written
by Shenstone, but never published among his
works:

"There's not a nut in the filbert-hedge
So brown as Chloe's hair,
And not a sloe on the bramble-bush
Can with her eyes compare;

Her hair is of that very brown,
That doth all browns excel;
And there's no hair on all her head
But curls delightful well.

She twirls her hair ere break of day,
That never heart entangled there
Did e'er get loose again,

O! what shall I do? the poet said,
My fate is past compare;
For she will take the verse I make,
And with it curl her hair."

The United States Literary Gazette.

40 PAGES, 8VO.

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